

# The Classical Bulletin

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Vol. VII

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No. 3

## Legal and Constitutional Terms in Latin Writings

A Latin Dictionary cannot always convey the true meaning of a Latin word. The real significance of a legal or constitutional term, for example, too often depends upon the context in which it is found. To be sure, the dictionary will cite passages in which a given term appears, but, even though the student read those isolated passages, he may still have but a confused notion of its real meaning. Previous familiarity with Roman social life, manners, and customs, extensive reading of Latin writings, and comparison of usages are requisite to an understanding of certain technical Latin terms. And a real insight into the meanings of Roman legal and constitutional terms presupposes a general knowledge of legal terminology and Roman constitutional history. Hence this paper aims to illustrate the meanings of a few terms, which have been derived in the manner described.

One such term is *provincia*. The common temptation of the average student is to translate this as "province," in the sense of a territory or district. But in Roman political terminology the term frequently represented a sphere of influence or of action. A *provincia* was the scope or extent of a man's official duties, the legally prescribed functions of a magistrate, or special services assigned to a man by decree of the Senate or agreed upon by him and some agency of government. The administering of the grain supply for the city, the putting down of a rebellion, the conduct of a war—in short, the performance of the duties of an office assigned by the government—were conceived as being within the limits of certain *provinciae*.<sup>1</sup> Finally, *provincia* came to signify the district to which the duties of a magistrate or his deputy were confined. This derived meaning of the term came to be generally applied to a foreign district under Roman control. Thus applied, a Roman province represented a convenient subdivision of Rome's total sphere of influence. The governor assigned to one of these provinces was more than a territorial administrator. Although his sphere of action did not ordinarily extend beyond the boundaries of a given territory, it was, to all intents and purposes, the Roman government in that district. Strangely enough, a common meaning of *provincia* in classical writings is quite like "jurisdiction," as now frequently used.

Two fundamental features of Roman politics were the *imperium* of the magistrate and the exercise of his right of *coërcitio*. The *imperium* was the absolute authority inherent in the office of a Roman magistrate, on

obedience to whose commands the stability of the government depended.<sup>2</sup> It was not only the authority of a military commander (*imperium militiae*), but also the magisterial power exercised in offices of government in Rome (*imperium domi*). Numerous checks upon the magistrates in Rome kept them from becoming military despots or tyrants. This type of authority was passed from the kings to the consuls and eventually in lesser degrees to the praetors, aediles, and governors of provinces, the latter of whom had *imperium militiae*, as commanders of troops. Quaestors and tribunes had rights of *coërcitio*, but not such *imperium* as higher officers. Criminal jurisdiction was particularly based on the *imperium* of Rome's chief magistrates, whose orders had the effect of law.<sup>3</sup>

*Coërcitio*<sup>4</sup> was the coercive power by which a magistrate enforced his commands, on pain of instant death for anyone who dared disobey. Disobeying a magistrate's orders was a capital offense, and he needed no other proof than that of his own knowledge of the fact. Moreover, "his essential prerogative was that of ordering execution."<sup>5</sup> That is, the right of *coërcitio*, possessed by the magistrate, was a threatening reminder of the consequences of wilful failure to obey his orders. This magisterial right might have led to caprice and tyranny, had the magistrate not been morally, though not legally, bound to follow the counsels of *consilia*, and had he not been checked by the popular rights of *appellatio* and of *provocatio*. "Apart from these laws of appeal, the magistrate's powers of coercion were in theory unlimited."<sup>6</sup>

Appealing to one magistrate to set aside an order of another was called *appellatio*. The *veto* was a magistrate's means of nullifying the order of a colleague, but the *appellatio* was the citizen's approach to a tribune, or some other officer, with a view to setting aside a magistrate's order. Under the Principate *appellatio* became confused with *provocatio*, and therefore more generally associated with judicial proceedings. The *appellatio* in the Principate seems to have been at first only cassatory, as under the Republic, but it soon became reformatory; hence the appellate jurisdiction of the Princeps, justified originally by his tribunician *potestas*, developed into an entirely new judicial function.

The common appellate device in judicial procedure, under the Republic, was *provocatio*, which was undoubtedly made legally necessary by the *lex Valeria*.<sup>7</sup> If the decision in a criminal case was unsatisfactory to the accused, he cried out, "*Provoco*," as soon as the decision was announced.<sup>8</sup> His protestation, according to law, re-

quired a trial before the People who alone had final jurisdiction in capital cases. The right to challenge a court's decision, therefore, led to public procedure. The accused man, by exercising his right of *provocatio*, compelled the magistrate to substantiate an original decree of punishment. From that point, the trial before the *comitia* as a court of appeal really began. The result was as apt to be a disallowing as a confirmation of the magistrate's earlier sentence. *Provocatio* started the judge on the way toward becoming a prosecutor, for it obliged him to defend a charge, or *accusatio*. *Provocatio*, and hence the *judicium populi*, came to be regular features of criminal procedure in Republican Rome.

A magistrate with *imperium* was assigned to a certain *provincia*. That is, a magistrate with power to order anything within reason, or not contrary to law, was confined to a definite scope of activity or sphere of influence. To enforce any such order the magistrate had the right of *coërcitio*. The custom of calling upon a group of friends and associates to assist in reaching a satisfactory decision in all emergencies kept him from becoming a tyrant. Unexpected limitations upon his power within the city of Rome were the *appellatio*, by which his colleague might be asked to nullify his order or proposed action, and the *provocatio*, by which his judgment in a criminal case would not be taken as final. Many a passage in Livy's *History* or Cicero's numerous writings is illuminated by extensive study of the foregoing terms. And, of course, the process may be profitably prolonged, in the study of these terms as well as numerous others. The studies presented here are only samples.

University City, Mo. ERWIN J. URCH, A. M., PH. D.

<sup>1</sup> See Livy XXXV, 21, 1; XXXIX, 36, 1; 45, 4; Cic., in *Verr.* I, 40, 104; *pro Mur.* 20, 41, for examples.

<sup>2</sup> Cic., *de Rep.* II, 13, 17; in *Verr.* I, 13, 27; *de Sen.* 11, 37; Livy IV, 3, 7-10. Cf. Strachan-Davidson, *Problems in Roman Criminal Law*, I, 96-103.

<sup>3</sup> See Greenidge, *Legal Procedure in Cicero's Time*, 410-428.

<sup>4</sup> See, for example, Livy IV, 53, 7; XXVI, 36, 12; Quint. IX, 2, 2.

<sup>5</sup> McFayden, "The Rise of the Princeps' Jurisdiction within the City of Rome," in *Washington University Studies*, X (Humanistic Series, No. 2, 1923), 193.

<sup>6</sup> Greenidge, *op. cit.*, 331. Cf. Cic., *de Leg.* III, 3, 6; and McFayden, *op. cit.*, 188f.; Mommsen, *Strafrecht*, 475, note 5.

<sup>7</sup> Of about 509 B. C., renewed after the decemviral period in 449 B. C. See Livy X, 9, 5, 6; Cic., *de Rep.* II, 31, 54; *pro Mil.* 3, 7; Festus, F. 297.

<sup>8</sup> See Livy I, 26, 5-7; III, 56, 5; VIII, 33, 7, 8; XL, 42, 9; Suet., *Jul.* 12. Cf. Strachan-Davidson, *op. cit.*, I, 131.

It is a real pleasure to hear that the Fordham University Library has had reprinted the very useful and stimulating volume called *Interpretations of Horace*, by the late William Medley, M. A., edited by John Green Skemp, M. A., and George Watson Macalpine. The *Interpretations* are replete with humanity, culture and Christian idealism. They cover the following Odes of Horace: Bk. I, 1, 4, 5, 9, 14, 22, 24, 34; Bk. II, 3, 10, 14, 15, 18; Bk. III, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. No Catholic teacher of Horace can afford to be without them. Orders for the volume should be sent to the Librarian, Fordham University, Fordham, New York.

## Jacopo Sannazaro

1530-1930

One may take it that dealers in figures have reduced the 2000 years since Vergil's birth to a scanty 1999. But no matter: the learned world is celebrating the Bimillennium *this year*; anticipating it, if you will. And this matters a good deal, for it gives occasion to say something about a humanist who, though separated from the pagan poet's day by a span of centuries, belonged nevertheless to the Vergilian world. This is Jacopo Sannazaro, pupil of the great Pontano, friend of the last of the Aragons, prophet in Arcadia, the fourth centenary of whose death occurs this year. He lies buried within the church of *S. Maria del Parto*, which he built on the slopes of Posilipo hill, not far from the reputed tomb of Vergil. Cardinal Bembo's distich, engraved on the tomb, declares him to be near to Vergil in fame as in sepulture.

Jacopo Sannazaro's ancestors, who were of Spanish origin, had migrated to *San Nazario* in Lomellina, whence they adopted the name of Sannazaro, but later established themselves at Naples. There Jacopo was born on July 28, 1458. In the circle of the noted humanist Pontano, he attracted such favorable attention by his wide knowledge and ability in the ancient classics, that Frederick of Aragon invited him into his household. The king proved to be a munificent patron and a sympathetic friend. To him Jacopo owed not only encouragement in his literary pursuits, but also the gift of a magnificent villa on the hillside of Posilipo. There, in the lap of the *dulcis Parthenope*, which had cradled Vergil's poetic genius, Sannazaro communed with the ancients and infused the essence of their spirit into his work.

Hic ego tranquillo transmittam tempora cursu,  
dum veniat satis mitior hora meis.  
Viximus aerumnas inter, lacrimosaque Regum  
funera: nunc patria iam licet urbe frui:  
Ut quod tot curae, tot detraxere labores,  
restituatur vati Parthenopea suo.

In the same lovely spot, now alas! in these neglectful years, grown ugly with sordid shops and decaying houses, Sannazaro found his final repose:

Da sacro cineri flores: hic ille Maroni  
Sincerus Musa proximus ut tumulo.

The work by which Sannazaro is chiefly known today is the *Arcadia*, written in Italian, of mingled prose and verse, which he published at Naples in 1504. In it he strove to recapture an ideal world as remote as possible from fifteenth-century Italy. Exiled (with king Frederick) from his *blandissima Parthenope*, he to whom all joy was but the cause of infinite sorrow, had thrown himself at the foot of a tree, sad and burdened beyond measure. Such is his own confession. He sought refuge in an idyllic scene, where he himself, as *Sincero* of the *Accademia Pontaniana*, mingled with the ancient Arcadian shepherds to enjoy the stories of their lives, loves, sacrifices, and entertainments. The genesis of the *Arcadia* goes back to the *Ameto* and *Filocolo* of Boccaccio,

but the pagan authors, especially Vergil and Horace, Theocritus and Catullus, were also laid under contribution. It is thus something of a "literary mosaic." But much more too. There is in it originality and literary force, for the pastoral romance which he created was to him a living reality. Luxuriant and ornate in style, more romantic than classical of the fifteenth century, the *Arcadia* had a tremendous vogue in the poet's own time, and abroad its appeal was wide enough to embrace Sidney, Spenser, and Cervantes.

The work, however, upon which Sannazaro expended his best energies was the Latin epic of the birth of Christ, *De Partu Virginis*. He tells us that he gave more than twenty years to its making, and adds that he does not believe that he had used a single expression which he had not noted in classical authors. The poem definitely places Sannazaro among the Christian humanists. It is, to be sure, an odd medley of pagan and Christian elements. At the very outset, angels and muses are invoked together. Heaven is called Olympus, and hymns are chanted to Christ as the Father of gods and men. This is in bad taste, and for purposes of comparison, there is Marco Girolamo Vida's *Christiade*, which, casting aside all incongruous pagan accessories, retains the classical form, while realizing all the majesty and reverence of its sublime subject. But Sannazaro was a man of childlike piety; he had a deep faith in the mysteries of our holy religion and cherished a tender devotion to Christ's Mother. If he yielded to the spirit of the Renaissance, it was only to borrow the beautiful forms, the trappings of royalty as it were, in which to clothe the sublime truths of our Redemption. For him, such pagan reminiscences had lost their pagan connotation. His hexameters are perfect in form and admirably illustrate the *limae labor et mora*. If the poem shows less of the spontaneity of inspiration that characterizes the *Arcadia*, it is none the less the work of an artist.

The final section of Sannazaro's literary work deserves to be better known. It comprises his Latin *Eclogae Piscatoriae*, *Elegiae* and *Epigrammata*. The Fisher Eclogues he considered a new genre, or at least a rediscovered genre, which he elaborated in a new mode:

... post silvas, post horrida lustra Lycaeï,  
siquid id est, salsas deduxi primus ad undas,  
ausus inexperta tentare pericula cymba.

Into these Eclogues he infused much of the colorfulness of the Neapolitan fisher life, which with its unique atmosphere and quaint customs is rapidly passing away. Perhaps a future generation will go back to Sannazaro's verses to recapture something of its glamor. But other places than Mergellina on the Bay of Naples re-live in these verses: Ischia, Procida, Capri, Baia and Cuma pass in enchanting pageantry. The poet celebrates the ruins of old Cuma in lines that begin:

Hic, ubi Cumeae surgebant inclita fama  
moenia, Tyrrheni gloria prima maris;  
longinquis quo saepe hospes properabat ab oris,  
visurus tripodas, Delie magne, tuos;  
et vagus antiquos intrabat navita portus,

quaerens Daedaliae conscia signa fugae:  
(Credere quis quondam potuit, dum fata manebant?)  
nunc silva agrestes occulit alta feras.

Or he bids farewell to all that land of beauty and perennial allurements in his verses *Quum a patria discederet*:

Parthenope mihi culta vale, blandissima siren,  
atque horti valeant, Hesperidesque tuae.  
Mergellina vale nostri memor, et mea flentis  
serta cape, heu domini munera avara tui.  
Maternae salvete umbrae, salvete paternae,  
accipite et vestris thurea dona focis.

Exilium nam sponte sequor, fors ipsa favebit.  
Fortibus haec solita est saepe et adesse viris.  
Et mihi sunt comites Musae, sunt numina vatum.  
Et mens laeta suis gaudet ab auspiciis.  
Blanditurque animi constans sententia, quamvis  
exilii meritum sit satis ipsa fides.

In conclusion one may remark that in a year made memorable by centenary celebrations in honor of Vergil and St. Augustine, Sannazaro, a lesser muse and less than a saint, may serve as a symbol, albeit not quite perfect, of the true humanistic sense. Though esteeming revealed religion above all else, it enjoys the classical literatures precisely because they are *classical*—that is, "perfect in their own kind."

Dublin, Ireland

ALLAN P. FARRELL, S. J.

The *Gaisford Prize for Greek Prose* at Oxford University was won this year by an American, our esteemed contributor, Mr. Peter J. McGowan, S. J., of Campion Hall. The successful composition was a translation, in the manner of Plato, of Tolstoy's *First Step*, chapter VII. We heartily congratulate Mr. McGowan on his well-earned distinction. *Floreat!* (*The Gaisford Prize for Greek Prose, 1930*. Basil Blackwell, Oxford. 2/6 net.)

### The Eclogues

Here is the melody of fairy rills  
That trickle through the fields of time and flow  
With lyric murmur from Italian hills  
And smiling meadows of the long ago.

Here are quaint paths of poesy that wind  
Adown untrafficked ways that point to Rome,  
Then turning leave a gloried world behind  
To seek the quiet of a poet's home.

Here may we walk in ancient wood and glade,  
Or sit beside some half-forgotten stream,  
Viewing fair landscapes that shall never fade,  
Where shepherds vie with oaten pipe and dream  
Fancies that seem like fledglings borne along  
Upon the wings of Vergil's deathless song.

*Florissant, Mo.*

WM. J. STACKHOUSE, S. J.

Style is the shadow of a personality.—*Newman*.



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## Editorial

Despite some signs of the times that would seem to warrant an opposite conclusion, one would like very much to believe that the widespread enthusiasm for Vergil displayed in the course of the bimillennial anniversary of his birth just drawing to a close is, like the contemporary humanistic movement, a heartening indication that some remnants of idealism, some aspirations after spiritual values, some longings for a fuller and a better life than science and unaided human reason have thus far been able to reveal to man, have survived the wreck of traditional ideas and beliefs which the present generation has witnessed. For it is difficult to assume that all this interest in Vergil has been created merely by the devotion to their specialty of professional classicists, or the zealous efforts of educators to promote the study of Latin in the schools of the land. One feels that there must be something in the character of Vergil, in the quality of his poetry, in the ideas and ideals of the man as expressed in his works, especially in his masterpiece, the *Aeneid*, that has caught the fancy of the men and women of our day and, however vaguely or even unconsciously to themselves, supplied their spirit with a mysterious food which they craved, and felt the utter lack of, in our current spiritually destitute civilization and culture. It may be that Vergil's abiding sense of a superior power guiding the destinies of man, his intuitions of a deeper meaning in human life, his spirit of reverence towards the supernatural, his yearning for a more perfect life after death, where the wrongs men suffer during their mortality and the struggles they

endure in the cause of righteousness (the two eternal facts of human existence which touch the days of even the noblest spirits with sadness) shall be righted and required—it may be that all this and more that is of permanent worth in Vergil, is for some of those who enthusiastically honor his memory nothing but an enchanting vision, nothing but beautiful poetry; but poetry withal, and hence fictitious: only a pleasant illusion with which to beguile an idle hour and soften the hard and cruel realities of life, by momentarily forgetting them and dreaming of Vergil's enchanted but unattainable Utopia. But even should this be so, it is something to be thankful for that men find pleasure and solace in a dream-world so different from the real world as conceived by the cold rationalistic and materialistic creed of our day. Perhaps, if they come to love the dream-world and yield themselves often to its charm, they may some day begin to wish that it were more than an elusive dream, and even to suspect and to hope that it may have in it a fuller measure of truth than the empty thing they now regard as life. And then perchance Vergil may confer upon them a greater boon, and become for them, not merely an anodyne to soothe the heartaches that mortality is heir to, but a παιδαγωγός εις τὸν Χριστόν. For as such has the Mantuan been loved and revered by the Christian Church from the beginning, and as such do Christian educators still cherish his memory and study his immortal works today. A naturalistic and materialistic world can hardly love and commune with an *anima candida* such as Vergil's was, and remain a naturalistic and materialistic world forever.

## Mantua, October 15, 1930

"What little town by river or seaside  
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?"

There was the little town, the riverside, and there was the pious morn. The morn, indeed, was none other than the fifteenth of October, the birthday of Vergil, poet laureate of the golden age. The riverside was that of the Mincio, from whose banks the young Vergil must have gazed over the verdant plains of his Saturnian land, *magna parens frugum*. The town was Mantua, and "Andes close by Mantua," where is said to have been the birthplace of the Lord of the Golden Branch. For in Italy he is ever *Virgil*.

A *Virgilio La Patria*, reads the monument erected to his memory in a new-made garden in Mantua. But on this morning, the anniversary of his birth, there is no one paying homage. We two, my travelling-companion and I, are alone. For the rest, life is the same today as yesterday. There are no other pilgrims, and Mantua keeps holiday in the quiet way that Vergil must have loved. On one side of the monument there is a group of statuary, a genre scene of peaceful rural life, with these words underneath:

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,  
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum  
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo."

So Mantua pays tribute.

But Andes, now Pietole—surely there we shall find some little gathering of peasants, some songs perhaps, some wreaths of flowers or of bay,

*Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,*

as Horace sings. So we will go to Andes. Here, too, there is a monument, a statue of the poet, not so idealized as in Mantua, but with his hand stretched proudly over the town of his birth. But the gates are locked and it is only after some minutes that a peasant woman comes to open the old padlock and let us in. A few children are playing in the garden round about and that is all. There are only the stately trees and the solitude.

It is with mingled feelings of regret and gladness that we approach the house that is called the birthplace of Vergil. No one is there, no festivities, no homage, save the stillness of a southern day. "And do the peasants really believe this is the place?" I inquire of our guide. "Yes, yes," he answers quickly, and honestly, I believe, "all of them do." What more is there to say? Perhaps the peasants know Vergil more truly than we. It seems quite right somehow that it should all be so. Their honor and praise is in their hearts and their birthday gift is the undeseccated quiet of a holy place. Surely if the spirit of the poet is hovering somewhere over the land of his love, he will wander here before the sunset fades, back to the land of his boyhood and his boyhood's dreams, back to the groves that inspired his muse's first young song,

*patulae sub tegmine fagi,*

back to the mellowed stillness of his native place,

*At secura quies et nescia fallere vita.*

Mantua, Italy

WM. P. HETHERINGTON, S. J.

### The *Antigone* of Sophocles

No Greek drama has enjoyed such constant popularity both in the schools and in the researches of scholars as this tragedy, the literature of which is immense. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a drama which presents so many and such serious difficulties, difficulties, too, which have so far defied all attempts at solution.

There is, first of all, at the very beginning of the tragedy, the question of Antigone's journeys to her brother's corpse. These journeys are necessary indeed for the drama and its plot, but it seems quite impossible to combine them in the short time allowed in the course of the action, and, besides, they hardly seem sufficiently motivated in a poet otherwise so careful in the construction of his plots.

Then there is that monologue of the heroine, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by Aristotle himself, a passage of at least 16 verses (904-920), which Goethe wished some scholar might prove spurious; for, he says, "their contents are quite *schlecht*, and almost border on the comic." Even that judicious and conservative commentator, Jebb, "after long thought," cannot bring

himself to believe that Sophocles wrote them. "Few problems," he says, "of Greek tragedy have been more discussed than the question whether these verses or some of them are spurious."

Finally, not to touch upon other less important points, there is the fourth stasimon (911-987), in which the chorus, seeing Antigone led away to be imprisoned, recalls three legends: Danaë's imprisonment and the fates of Lycurgus and Cleopatra. What these may have to do with Antigone's situation, and what they signify at this point of the tragedy, no one seems to be able to divine.

### I

Let us begin our discussion with the last problem. It is evident, in the first place, that the chorus does not intend here to console Antigone, since she has already been led away by the guards and cannot hear what is said on the stage. Moreover, as Masqueray rightly says, "*les trois infortunes alléguées sont peu faites pour la consoler.*" Exactly so; for Lycurgus, if he was ever imprisoned, was really guilty, and suffered a real punishment for his crime and injustice against Dionysus; and as for Cleopatra, her case seems to have no similarity at all to that of Antigone, and the poet makes no mention of her being imprisoned. Hence Jebb's statement is very unsatisfactory: "the ode is *neutral*, purely a *free* lyric treatment of the examples."

Let us attend carefully to the circumstances in which the chorus is placed in this passage. The Theban elders, who were at the beginning entirely on Creon's side, so long, namely, as they had not discovered in him any purpose of violating the eternal law (369) or the rights of the people, have been deeply impressed by scenes in which Antigone's fate has appeared fatally connected with Haemon's future; all the more so since they have heard Creon using tyrannical language (730-750). And when they have heard Haemon threatening that he will commit suicide, if his father does not spare Antigone's life, and more still, when they have seen this son of Creon leaving the stage and rushing out with the declaration that his father's eyes will not see him again alive, their forebodings are dreadful and sad, although terribly clear: "The man is gone, O King," they exclaim, "in angry haste: a youthful mind, when stung, is fierce" (766-7). Immediately afterwards, since, to their mind, Haemon's love is going just now to connect his and his family's ruin with that of Antigone, they sing that "ode to Love," beautiful indeed and delicate, but deeply tinged with sadness, as is expressly shown at the end, when the chorus adds: "Now I also am carried beyond the bounds of loyalty, and can no more keep back the streaming of tears . . ." (800 sq.). "It is thou that hast stirred up this present strife of kinsmen . . ." (793).

Why this language of the chorus? Because it is evident to them, as experience proved afterwards only too clearly, that if the heroine is put to death, Haemon also will go to death, and this will be his only marriage, a turn of expression which is common in this drama, and

indeed whenever in Greek literature and epitaphs mention is made of unmarried people dying. (Cf. Jebb, ad 804.)

Now only one scene separates this "ode to love" from the stasimon which we are interpreting, the scene, namely, in which the girl, after bidding farewell to all men, to all nature, and to life itself, is brutally carried off to be immured and die.

When the Theban elders see her being led away, imagine what is really going to happen to Antigone, to Haemon, and subsequently to the whole royal family. But as the tyrant is always close at hand, and they dare not talk as freely as they wish, they use a style, which, though vague and mysterious, still indicates to the spectators their feelings and fears.

*1st Strophe.* Antigone goes to her death in prison; there will be her marriage feast. So Danaë too was imprisoned. But as the daughter of Acrisius had been visited by Zeus in the golden rain, so Antigone will perhaps be visited by her lover; and so it really happened: "While sense lingered, he clasped the maiden to his faint embrace, and as he gasped, sent forth on her pale cheek the swift stream of the oozing blood. Corpse enfolding corpse, he lies; he has won his nuptial rites, poor youth, not here, but in the halls of Death" (1236-1241).

The one picture adapts itself with strange exactness to the other. Hence too, it is quite unfitting to strike out the *ὑμνος* of 953 and change it into *ἔλπος*, as has been done by almost all commentators since Erfurdt.

*First Antistrophe:* Lyeurgus' story.

Let me note here Apollodorus' words: (*Bibliotheca* 3, 4, 5, 3): "Lyeurgus, son of Dryas, having first outraged Dionysus, expelled him . . . and the Bacchantes became *αἰχμάλωτοι* and the multitude of Satyrs who followed him was dispersed. . . . But Dionysus brought madness upon Lyeurgus, who in his madness killed with the stroke of an axe his son Dryas, taking him for a vine stock."

Who is in the Chorus' mind in this tragedy? The man who had offended the gods, and may or will be punished with madness and cause his own son's death? Creon can scarcely be spoken of more clearly.

All this will become more evident still, if we compare with the phrases here employed the last scenes of the tragedy, as well as Creon's own words, when, taught by the punishment of heaven, he recognizes his own insolence and stubbornness. For in those words he tells us that his own *φρενῶν δυσφρόνων βουλευματα* have brought about all those sad effects, *ἐμαῖς οὐδὲ σαῖς δυσβουλίας* (1 str.). In that scene, too, we see his *madness* vividly described by himself (1271 sq.) and hear his confession that he himself and no one else has shed his own son's blood.

Quite opportunely then the chorus, as if remembering this fate of Lyeurgus, exclaims: "Ah me! how all too late thou seemest to see the right!"

We must not forget that all these facts relating to Lyeurgus were perfectly familiar to the spectators, since they had been present at Aeschylus' *Lycurgia*, a trilogy that may have been imitated by other dramatists of the same century.

In the same way we must bear in mind that they were well acquainted with Cleopatra's story. This runs as follows:

Cleopatra had been rejected by her husband, Phineus, who took instead another wife called Idaea, and "Sophocles says that Phineus blinded his two sons . . . induced by the calumnies of their stepmother Idaea" (*Schol. Apoll. Rhod.*, cf. *Nauck, Trag. graec. fragm.* 1926, p. 587).

The matter is now already too clear to demand explanation. I need hardly recall for my readers the scene which the *ἐξαγγελος* describes in verses 1301-5: A Queen, Eurydice, Creon's wife, lays violent hands upon herself and dies, and, in dying, bewails her husband, a real *παδοκτόνος*, who has deprived her of her two sons, first of Megareus (called Menoeceus by Euripides), who, when as yet unmarried, was sacrificed at Teiresias' request for the salvation of Thebes; and on the other hand, now the same husband has caused the death of the other son, Haemon, miserably brought to desperation and death by his father's obstinacy and tyranny.

If we but change the names, we have the story of Cleopatra. The chorus foresees that Eurydice is going to be offended and tortured with these thoughts, although it is not necessary that they suggest or even surmise her desperate death. I leave to the commentators the task of pointing out the wonderful similarity between the two passages and the beauty of that much disputed strophe (966-987), in which, by so many touches, Eurydice's fate is perfectly recognizable; even in her brief presence and swift disappearance.

Merely in passing let me hint that no purpose of consoleing Antigone is intended in the whole passage; that there is no need whatever of mentioning any imprisonment when speaking of Lyeurgus and Cleopatra, and, especially, that a great part of the beauty of this passage is spoiled by almost all the editors, when in line 1303 they change the *λέχος* of all mss., into *λάχος* (Blaydes, Bothe, Jebb, Masqueray), *δέμας* (Pallis), *σθένος* (Gleitsch), or *τέλος* (Meineke). The point is this: Eurydice bewails the fact that her husband has now thwarted Haemon's marriage, just as he had formerly thwarted the marriage of Megareus; for it was known even to the Athenian spectators that the reason why Megareus had been chosen to die was because he was still unmarried, while Haemon was not *ἡθεος*.

*Κεῖ μὴ γὰρ εὐνῆς ἦψοιτ', ἀλλ' ἔχει λέχος . . .* (*Eurip. Phoeniss.* 946).

(To be continued)

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### The Sixth Aeneid and the Spiritual Exercises

It may perhaps seem a preposterous undertaking to look for points of similarity between the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola. St. Paul somewhere exclaims, "What concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever?" But we must not forget that the *Aeneid*, though the work of a pagan and though a fabric dyed in pagan color, is the creation of a true poet and must, as such, of necessity be shot with the silk or gold of what is best and noblest in all human experience. Nor should we overlook the fact that the Spiritual Exercises, though the work of a Christian Saint and steeped in a supernatural atmosphere, are the creation of one gifted with a keen intelligence and familiar with the ways of the natural man. The Sixth *Aeneid* and the Spiritual Exercises spring from the same psychology. It might be said that the *Aeneid* and the Exercises are things too disparate to be bracketed even in thought; for the *Aeneid* is a story, and the story of a pagan hero at that, while the Exercises are ascetical in purpose and are more like an armory hung with all kinds of spiritual weapons for a spiritual warfare. But while the *Aeneid* as a whole is a story, the Sixth Book is essentially not a story, but an episode, and an experience, which also aims to bring the hero nearer to human perfection. And as for the hero being a "pagan," it is not the pagan mind that concerns us in the present discussion, but the human soul, the soul as Vergil, that human poet, saw it, and represented it in its trials and weaknesses, in its need of purging, in its wavering and its resolution, and finally in its longings for the spiritual.

Once we begin to note carefully the experiences of Aeneas in the world beyond the grave, what had happened to him before that memorable trip to Cumae, and what he accomplished after emerging from his retirement, we begin to see that his visit to the world of the spiritual was a preparation for a life-work, for "higher things." His descent to the netherworld deepened his belief, such as it was, in a higher Power, in the decrees of Fate; it clarified his sense of right and wrong; it strengthened his will to perfect himself in virtues he had already practised to some extent, virtues he would stand in need of in the struggles awaiting him. In other words, once we endeavor to find points of similarity between the things which Aeneas saw, heard, and felt in the world of spirits, and the things which an Exercitant sees, and hears, and feels in his descent into the spiritual world, we see that the Sixth *Aeneid* is like the record of a spiritual Retreat which Aeneas made before tackling the constructive portion of his life-work.

By way of prelude, we may note that Aeneas, in order to receive his spiritual lesson, had to quit the bright glare of the upper world and descend into a region where the light is dimmed and the mind attuned to the truths to be imparted. Just so the Exercitant is recommended to enter into solitude, "the beginning of the soul's purgation," and every Exercitant that complies fully with the spirit of the Retreat knows from experi-

ence how even the mellowed light of chapel or study can be relied upon as helps to successful meditation. Again, the experiences and the character of Aeneas previous to his trip to Cumae have certain noteworthy features in common with the experiences and the character of the modern Exercitant who makes the Exercises for the first time. Aeneas is distinguished for *pietas* in all the senses which the Latin word will bear: the Exercitant, too, has a lively sense of his duties to God and his neighbor, and it is precisely his Christian *pietas* that sends him into the Retreat. Again, Aeneas, before retiring to Cumae, is no stranger to life's varied experiences; he has sounded the world's ways, good and bad; he has met with disappointments, particularly in the fall of Troy, and has, before leaving Carthage, been forced to acknowledge his moral weaknesses and see the harm he has caused by tarrying on his heaven-directed path. The point of similarity is evident: the Exercitant, too, has had his trials and disappointments; he, too, has had to grapple with moral weakness; he, too, has a high calling which makes demands upon his courage, a call from above; and, like Aeneas, he realizes that he needs to know more about his calling and about the best way of living up to it.

There are not a few individual lines in the Sixth *Aeneid* that have a peculiar ring for anyone acquainted with the Spiritual Exercises. We may listen, for instance, to the summons and the encouraging words of the priestess:

Tuque invade viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum;  
nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo (260, 1).

Yes, the *pectus firmum* is one of the first lessons driven home in the Retreat, only Ignatius's terminology is different. *Valde prodest*, he says at the very opening of the Exercises, *intrare in illa animo magno et cum liberalitate erga Creatorem*. The words differ; the thought is the same. Aeneas, entering the cave in a docile frame of mind, is first shown, as is the Exercitant, the seamy side of life. He sees the repulsive spectres of "Sorrow, Avenging Care, Base Fear, Foul Penury, Suffering, and Death." He understands, of course, that the well-spring of this host of human suffering is but one, Wickedness, or, more simply, Sin. Then comes to Aeneas the vision of the state of the soul immediately after death. He sees the long concourse of spirits assembled on the banks of Styx, and with the vision comes the object lesson of the value of a religious duty, the burial of the dead.

The reality of this sobering atmosphere is made more vivid by the sight of Cerberus, that terror-inspiring watch-dog of the judgment hall. Aeneas notes, as does the Retreatant when meditating on the Particular and the General Judgment,

Quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum  
consiliumque vocat, vitasque et crimina discit (432, 3).

The setting, to be sure, is pagan and mythical; but the Christian soul, too, looks forward to the terrors of the

*Dies irae, dies illa.* Beyond this place, Aeneas sees the dismal abode of sorrow,

qui sibi letum  
insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi  
proicere animas (434-6).

How like the "fruit" (*fructus*) which Ignatius of Loyola would have the Exercitant reap from the Exercises is the observation which Vergil makes Aeneas express:

Quam vellent aethere in alto  
nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores! (436, 7)

Chastened by so many object lessons, Aeneas cannot now return to the upper world and follow the path of those whose sorry lot he has beheld below. In a concrete way, and a way that appeals to him, he has been made to understand that "the wages of sin is death." For him, therefore, once back in the world and at his post, there can be no more yielding to trial, temptation, or depression of spirit, in the carrying out of his supreme duty. Further down, in the *lugentes campi*, he learns the salutary object lesson of ungoverned human love: it is there that he recognizes cause for deepest regret. Again, how like the Exercitant's longing to amend evil are Aeneas's sentiments in regard to Dido:

Nec minus Aeneas, casu concussus iniquo,  
prosequitur lacrimis longe, et miseratur euntem (475, 6).

Deeply moved, Aeneas passes through all those frightful places; but when he sees the high walls of Tartarus and hears the terror-inspiring noises pouring out of that house of punishment, he stops, riveted to the ground by terror. There is here a real "Application of the Senses," both of the physical senses and of the senses of the imagination. Aeneas sees Tisiphone, clad in a gory robe; he hears the sounds of wailing, "the crack of the remorseless whip, the clank of steel, the trailing of the chain." Then he learns from the priestess the *who* and *when* and *why* and *how* and *how long*. No retreat master could be more graphic than Vergil is here.

Up to this point, Aeneas learns truths that may be roughly likened to those conveyed in the so-called First Week of Ignatius. Aeneas goes straight to Elysium, which would normally recall the Fourth Week of the Exercises. But before Aeneas leaves his father's company, he is shown a new path in life: he receives some very pointed revelations about a certain Kingdom to which he is to devote his best efforts for the rest of his life. He learns, moreover, something about the human soul, "the fiery glow, the heavenly nature struggling against the clogs of corrupting flesh." Of course we are at once reminded of Ignatius and the counsel he gives to those who would ambition some great achievement in the Kingdom of Christ: *Id, qui magis affici volent et insignes se exhibere in omni servitio sui regis aeterni ac Domini universalis, non solum offerent se totos ad laborem, sed etiam agendo contra suam propriam sensualitatem . . .*

When Aeneas sees that long line of his now famous posterity, he is naturally inspired by the sight, and thrills with enthusiasm; he is now prepared for the less

pleasant part of the lesson, the part, I mean, which deals with the labor, the fighting, the suffering which his destiny entails. We may recall the high place which Ignatius assigns, in the moulding of the Retreatant, to enthusiasm as a driving force and as a living motive. Enthusiasm for Christ's Kingdom, and a personal attachment to Christ the King, are motives Ignatius insists upon. Old Anchises is the type of the modern retreat master during the Second and Third Weeks of the Exercises, for

. . . Anchises . . .  
exin bella viro memorat, quae deinde gerenda  
Laurentesque docet populos, urbemque Latini,  
et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem (890-2).

Aeneas has received his instructions. He has beheld the peace, the joys, the rewards of Elysium. And with a deep trust in Fate (like the Exercitant, with his trust in Divine Providence), he leaves the happy land.

As might be expected, there are many considerations lacking in the Sixth Book which are present in the Spiritual Exercises. The comparison is at best but a halting one. But it is surely true that certain fundamental ideas, on which the success of a Retreat hinges, are clearly found in the *Aeneid*; ideas, I mean, about death, the reward of good and evil, personal responsibility, the providence of a higher power, the happiness of the land of the blessed. No doubt Aeneas had a very definite impression made on him while in the nether-world, just as an earnest Exercitant is deeply impressed by the corresponding Christian truths. Whatever Vergil's ultimate intentions may have been in taking Aeneas into the lower world, whether the trip through the world of spirits was intended as a romantic feature or rather as a mystery of profound moral and spiritual significance, the fact is undeniable that Aeneas, a military leader and the founder of a military nation, before accomplishing his great work in life, passes through a spiritual experience or renewal not altogether unlike that of Ignatius of Loyola, the captain of a Christian host. As the ancient warrior emerges out of the Cave of Cumae, ready to go forth and found a Kingdom, so the modern captain emerges from the Cave of Manresa, ready to do battle for the Kingdom of Christ. And as the captain, so the soldier, that is, the Exercitant.

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### St. Augustine as a Stylist

In pith and pregnancy of diction St. Augustine (354-430 A. D.) rivals the prince of Roman orators. Witness the subjoined extracts:

"Iniquum est, ut quisque de alio iudicare velit et iudicari de se nolit."

"Bonum est homini, ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini, ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confidentem."

"Iustis quidquid malorum ab iniquis dominis irrogatur, non est poena criminis, sed virtutis examen. Proinde bonus etiamsi serviat, liber est: malus autem etiamsi regnet, servus est; nec unius hominis, sed quod est gravius, tot dominorum, quot vitiorum."



